

Underground

by Swat The Fly

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Summary: .:Chapter 2 Newly Added:. Master Chief is returning from a successful reconnaissance mission when he becomes stranded in the desert. But what secrets will he uncover while struggling for survival? My first story, please review.

1. Stranded

My First Story. Review, please!

It is obviously assumed that MC is Master Chief

****Underground****

Ch. 1

MC's combat boots scraped on the packed desert gravel as he got out of the warthog.

I don't need this. Not now.

He turned back to look at his vehicle. While speeding across the desert on his return from a reconnaissance mission to the Covenant's main weapons production facility, a bolt had loosened on the right front component of the warthog's suspension system. A spring broke, and the whole jeep had slammed down onto the front wheel. As parts started flying off of the engine compartment MC slammed on the brakes and the hog had scudded dangerously to a stop. Needless to say, the vehicle had been unable to operate and MC surveyed the damage as the sun prepared to hide behind the gas giant Threshold.

The entire front right fender was gone, and the vehicle's tires were shredded and dangling off of the wheel hub. The suspension was a total loss, and MC suspected that the radiator and exhaust manifold had been gnawed off by the wheel during the accident. They were probably lying a few hundred feet behind him.

MC hadn't been injured, but the vehicle was beyond repair, and he hadn't seen any signs of civilization on his trips to and from the weapons facility. He spoke into his radio as he searched the warthog for extra supplies he could salvage.

"Echo 419, this is Master Chief. Repeat, this is Master Chief. Do you read me, Echo 419?" He rifled under the driver's seat.

Some static, then a reply: "Roger, Master Chief. What can I do for you?" It was Fohammer.

"Fohammer, I need a pick-up. My warthog just crashed." MC found a banana peel and tossed it over his shoulder.

"Roger. What's your location?"

"Uh," he looked around. "The middle of nowhere?"

He grabbed a Satellite Location Finder off of the dashboard and referred his coordinates to Fohammer.

She responded after a long silence. "Master Chief, you're about 90 kilometers from my location. I could pick you up, if I loaded the Pelican with fuel, but it would mean I'd get there tomorrow."

MC sighed. "Tomorrow?"

"Yes, Chief," Fohammer said. "Or, you could walk. It's your decision."

Master Chief opened a toolbox and dumped the contents out onto the seat. He then selected a few tools, grabbed a pack from the glove compartment, and tossed them in it. "10-4 Fohammer, I guess I'll camp out here until then," he said.

"Right," she said, "I'll be there at 900 hours. Echo 419 staying on station. Fohammer out."

MC turned off his radio. He felt, since he would have to spend the night in the cold desert, he needed to make some shelter. He searched through the warthog, looking in the glove box, under the seats, and in the rear storage compartment. After combing the entire vehicle, he managed to find a 10 x 10 tarp, some fire-making tools, a flashlight, rope, and a few small metal rods. He figured he would attach the tarp to the warthog and stretch the canvas to the ground to create a sort of lean-to on the side of the wrecked jeep. He set to work, attaching the canvas to the steel tubing of the rear gunning compartment, and bending the rods into hooks by hammering them over some desert rocks. He soon had a simple tent made with enough space for him to lie down uncomfortably on the desert floor. He decided to test his creation out, so he knelt, and wiggled his way under the tarp.

It was the most uncomfortable position he had ever been in. There was a large, unmovable rock by his upper back that he could feel through his suit. The tarp was too low to the ground, but there was nothing to tie it to that was farther off the ground. His face was muffled in the smelly burlap, and he coughed as he slid out from underneath it. As he stood up, he decided to try and find different shelter.

After untying the tarp, rolling it up and tossing it in the back of

the warthog, he grabbed the flashlight off the seat and turned on his heel, setting out to explore his immediate surroundings. The sky was becoming dark, and Halo's atmosphere had turned from a deep red to a deeper blue, though there were a few wisps of cloud that had managed to stay red. Aside from a broken spine of craggy mountains to the south, the desert was a flat, gritty plate. Only a few scattered bushes poked through the gravel pavement here and there. MC turned on his flashlight. A disk of blue light appeared on the desert floor. As he strode to the west, from where he had come before the accident, he could see where the warthog had dug up the sandy earth in great gashes a foot or more deep as it had scraped across the ground. The light was quickly fading, but he continued on. On one side of his path, he found a tin lunchbox filled with foil-wrapped food. He toted the lunchbox under his arm as he continued. The wind, which had become chilly, rustled a few bushes to either side of him. He could see little, but a few shiny leaves and smooth stones glinted in the light of one of Threshold's dim moons. MC decided that his eyes had adjusted and the moon was bright enough that he could turn off his flashlight. He clicked off the flashlight and stared off at the stars as they winked on one by one in the black sea of space.

And then, suddenly, he stepped, and there was no ground to support his foot, and he tumbled into darkness.

2. The Frying Pan

Some stuff you should know:

1. Cortana isn't present in MC's helmet.
2. This story is Halo 1 style. This means Halo 1 weapons, Halo 1 covies, Halo 1 vehicles and such.
3. The story is set on Halo.
4. I don't own Halo or any related goodies.

If you find any spelling/grammar errors, could you please tell me in your review? (From Ch. 1 too) And, as always, review the actual story, too.

Ch. 2

MC could see nothing. He was falling fast into a large cave, and as he looked up, he saw the dark blue opening shrinking fast. Plummeting down, he tried to steady himself and prepare for impact.

But just then he glanced off of the wall of the cave, and spun around completely. He hit the rocky floor hard, landing on his back, and immediately a sharp pain engulfed his entire body as his shield monitor wailed in his ears. His neck flung back, and his helmet smashed against a rock, knocking him out immediately. Limbs flailing, he went limp. His body slid to a stop on the inclined floor as a dull, cold wind blew down into the opening. Some rocks rolled and clacked against each other, and then the great cave was silent.

MC dreamed he saw himself lying there in the darkness. He saw his own twisted body covered with stones and rubble, and then looked up at the opening, so far away. In his dream, he walked over to the cave

wall, and began to climb. His hands and feet moved swiftly up the rocky surface. He moved quickly, only pausing to look back down and stare at his body for a moment or two. In no time his hands grasped the ledge and he pulled himself with ease out of the cave. He stood, and looked around. He was still in the barren desert. The sun was high, and the heat was blistering. To his left, a couple of yards away, was a single sleeping grunt. MC took a pistol out of a holster in his belt. As the creature dozed, MC walked briskly up to it and knocked it in the back of its head. The grunt fell forward without a sound, and a small pool of light blue blood formed around its neck. Then he dreamed the sun became dark, blocked out by something, and the entire desert was covered in shadow. The air became cold.

MC shivered as he awoke. He winced, disoriented. His head was throbbing unbearably in his helmet, which was twisted to one side. He was lying on his front, face down. His right arm was lying on his back, and his left was positioned painfully underneath him. His legs were buried somewhere in a rocky pile behind him. He rolled over onto his left side, letting out a sharp breath. He felt a few stones shift and reposition beneath him. He then realized he was lying on a steep incline. The incline was a steep slope stretching down from the cliff wall. MC decided to work his way back up the slope to the wall, feeling it was better not to go deeper into the cave, where there could be another drop or chasm that he couldn't see. He got his arm out from under him, and rested for a minute. Moving was incredibly painful, and he did everything slowly and steadily. He clenched his fists, and got himself up to a seated position. His head throbbed even more as the blood rushed up his body. Resting on one arm, he managed to twist his helmet right again so he could see. It was still night, and only a few dull beams of light pierced the thick air of the cave. The rocks and the wall above him were the only places illuminated. He saw that his health monitors were down to red.

One by one he pulled his legs out of the rocks. He started to slide down the slope, but he managed to stop himself before he went too far. He moved up the incline. He turned towards the wall, forcing his limbs to move, exhaustion draining him by the second. He got himself four feet from the wall, and then collapsed into sleep.

The darkness was growing deeper in the desert as the sun was blocked out. A chill wind whipped against MC in his dream as he looked up. He saw a dark cloud racing in his direction. As he watched in fascination, the cloud turned into hundreds of millions of Covenant Dropships. They covered the sky, humming through the air towards him. They arranged themselves to surround him as they slowly dropped from the sky. Then they landed, and the doors opened. A sea of Covenant poured out and ran towards him, about to blot him out as they had blotted out the sun.

MC awoke sharply. After a moment, he continued to climb up towards the top of the rocky slope. As he moved his arms and legs, more of the stones loosened and went tumbling down into darkness. Fatigue tugged at his body, beckoning him back down. Struggling, he managed to make it to the top, as far as he could go. He found a small, but strong stone ledge that was part of the cave wall. After pulling himself onto it, he fell once again into sleep, but this time no dreams were there to haunt him.

End

file.